BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

MARCH-APRIL, 1934

"I am the resurrection and the life,"
Sayeth . . . wild plum blossoms . . .
. . . on the . . . hill . . .

—DONALD DAVIDSON.

VOL. VII. No. 4

B O Z A R T

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Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

Published six times a year at Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

WIGHTMAN F. MELTON, PH.D. . . . . Editor

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY PRESS . . . . Publisher

VOL. VII. MARCH-APRIL, 1934 No. 4

Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

Mrs. E. Bates Block, Town Chairman (Atlanta), Colonial Dames of America, offers a cash prize of $25.00 for the best sonnet published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Prizes

Mrs. J. B. Francis Hereshoff, an official of the Atlanta Womans Club, and affectionately remembered as Irma Grey Ridley, of Huntsville, Alabama, offers the "Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize" of $25.00 for the best poem on a tree, or trees, published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Dr. W. F. Shallenberger, of Atlanta, husband of Laura Boyd Shallenberger, nationally known poet, and a dear friend of this editor's Johns Hopkins days—and since, offers a prize of $25.00 for the best sea poem published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. The judges to be nationally known poets.

Mrs. Harry G. Poole, prominent club woman of Atlanta, and a lover of the arts, offers a prize of $25.00 for the best lyric published in BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year, 1934. This prize is to be known as "The Frank L. Stanton Memorial Prize." The judges are to be nationally known poets.

A copy of FLORIDA POETS (Miami Press Anthology) is offered by Etta Josephean Murfey for the quatrain in the May-June issue receiving the highest number of votes from readers.

Sara Virginia Buckley offers a copy of her SHIPS SPRAY as a prize for the best lyric published in BOZART this year—she to be the judge.

Helen Harriet Salls offers a copy of her PENSIVE CITADELS for the lyric published in BOZART during 1934, best expressing the spirit of universal brotherhood. The donor to be the judge.

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Entered as second class matter, November 1930, at the Post Office at Oglethorpe University, Ga., under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879.

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The Editor's Salon

In the January-February issue of this magazine, the editor offered a "pretty prize" to the person sending the best original definition of poetry. Of the large number of interesting definitions submitted, the following are worthy to be preserved.

Myrtle G. Burger, Washington, Missouri: "Poetry is the overbrimming of the soul's cup. Poetry is the symbolic utterance of the soul's deepest thought."

Lydia Kingsway, Philadelphia: "With singing words of beauty, rhythmical and vibrant, poetry builds a bridge whereby an emotion may transcend the years, and the space between men's minds."

Maybelle Mayne Porter, Bishop, Ga.: "Poetry is the wine of ecstasy served from the overflowing cup of an understanding heart."

Ruth S. Kane, Montclair, N. J.: "Poetry is the golden thread linking the finite with the infinite. Poetry is man touching hands with God. Poetry is the bridge between the mortal and the immortal, across which man's noblest thought swings in rhythm. Poetry is the sensitized instrument which picks up the inaudible rhythms of the universe."

Alice Cathey, Murfreesboro, Tennessee: "Poetry is the halo of life."

L. Logan Kean, Chicago, Ill: "Poetry is that mysterious medium through which emotion is most swiftly and surely conveyed to humand understanding."
mysterious medium through which emotion is most swiftly and surely conveyed to human understanding."

Etta Josephean Murfey, Lakeland, Florida: "Poetry is the transcription of some vital emotion into rhythmic words

(Continued on page thirty-seven).

Sara Virginia Buckley,
Washington, D. C.

Red Berries

They laid her in a grave apart—
  These Puritanic country folk—
Poor innocent, who lost her heart
  And honor at one fatal stroke.

And through the years the little mound,
  Untended, knew not shrub or bloom,
While roses twined their arms around
  Each righteous and respected tomb.

But when a fairer April blew
  Her winds across the cemetery,
Beside the sunken headstone grew
  A bush that bore a scarlet berry.

And when the country people saw
  The little tree in its full flame,
They shook their heads with pious awe
  And said, "It is the mark of shame."

But one among them turned away
  And looked across the fields and said,
"I can not say, I can not say,—
  The blood of Christ was red."

Texas —WHITNEY MONTGOMERY

The Awakening

A shroud of white—the earth seemed doomed
When suddenly a jonquil bloomed
And a bluebird chirped on a twig at dawn—
Winter was gone!

Georgia —WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

The Face of Christ

Scholastic minds would change the face of Christ,
  Put furrows in his brow of placid white,
Stamp ruggedness upon a beardless chin,
  Blot out the tenderness, the wistful light;
But they who saw him walking on the sea
  Found haloed Love descending from the skies,
While they who nailed him to a cross of shame
  Met pity and forgiveness in his eyes.
Man cannot sway Creation's lordly sun,
  Nor dim the Heaven, with its stars impearled,
Nor change the brow of Him who died for men,
  The glory of a face that lights the world.

Illinois —ARTHUR MILTON POPE

Cattle on a Thousand Plains

The prairie is awake to spring once more,
And cattle graze upon a greening plain,
Forgetting winter with its cruel pain,
Its winds that blindly bite and sting and score;
Forgetting sleet that nicks with cruel dart
And hail that beats upon a lowered head,
Hunger that leaves a bleaching trail of dead,
And snow, whose deadly fingers clutch the heart.

The sweetest singer of all Israel
Sang of the cattle on a thousand hills,
Sang of the fields and of the forest rills:
If he had sung the heart-ensnaring spell
Of plains whose saucered edges touch the sky,
Beside *this* psalm, all other psalms would die.

Texas —GOLDIE CAPERS SMITH

The Withering Olive Tree

The olive tree has curled its leaves.
(Each leaf a hand in prayer.)
The branches look up to the sky
With vacant stare.

The roots have ceased their questing
For moisture in the sod.
The withering tree is rustling
A little prayer to God.
Only one cloud is drifting
Across the dark blue skies.
The Olive tree looks upward,
A question in his eyes.
Behind the cloud, the Mother,
Sweet Queen of all the worlds,
Unfastens from about her throat
A strand of silver pearls.
(Long, long ago, upon a hill,
On genuflected knees,
Her Son, a God, once went to pray
Among the olive trees.)

The gentle Mother bows her head,
How clearly she recalls!
Upon the little withering tree
The cool rain falls.

Arkansas ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

Winds

Winds are dreams that connot die;
Lost to the dreamer, they learned to fly.

Mississippi —PEGGY WILLIAMS

April Away

April trembling in the rain
Has slipped into New York again,
A stranger April which I find
Unlike the one I have in mind.
For April dancing in the South,
Has smiles upon her scarlet mouth,
And blossoms gay caught in her tresses
Brightened by the spring's caresses.
Violets from the wooded hills,
The last of sunny daffodils,
And fragile iris in the deep
Of woods no longer stilled by sleep;
The peach bloom delicate and pink
Flushed by the sun's warm quickening drink,
And cherry blossoms, dainty white,
A cloud of fragrance,—lacy light;
Dogwood petals traced with care
Form patterns on her shining hair.
Heart leaves beneath her dancing feet
Diffuse a fragrance spicy sweet,
And sweet-shrubs that have just begun
Are pungent in the warming sun.
The misty veil of sheerest green
That hangs within the woods scarce seen
Has taken on a deeper hue
That shows its foliage fresh and new . . .
While here, as yet, no blooms I see;
The trees, though budding, still are bare—
Your pardon, Browning,—"Oh to be
In Dixie now that April's there."

Georgia —BARBARA BAKER

Forsythia

About the garden winter twilight lay
In pallid pools upon each flower bed,
I saw the stricken trees bend low to pray—
Desolate, above their sleeping dead.
Bare twisted branches etched upon the sky,
Spoke piteously to the dark-winged night;
"O that the blessed south wind would pass by
And leave a souvenir of her delight!"

Their loss was mine; when I could bear no more
The requiem of their melancholy grief
I went into my house and closed the door,
Remembering the song of last year's leaf,
Of drifted petals, when the radiant bloom
Of crimson roses, and a host of flowers
Prodigally lavished their perfume,
To blend their beauty with the summer hours.

That night I heard the wind move stealthily
In murmured messages of healing rain,
And saw, in silhouette, a naked tree
Tap phantom fingers on my window pane.
I slept—and dreamed I heard a bluebird's song
Echo in interlude of limpid gold,
Each note, among the boughs, was like a gong
That rang a bright adieu to winter's cold.

The sun came up and waked me; I looked out,
Dreading another day of winter weather,
The brown boughs gave a golden trumpet-shout,
"Forsythia's in bloom!" they laughed together.
Down the garden where but yesterday
The stricken wind-spent trees stood gaunt and bare
The world was clothed in Mida-like array,
A golden answer to the winter's prayer.

Georgia —AGNES COCHRAN BRAMBLETT

Forget-Me-Nots

When teeming April dried her tearful eye
And cast her buds into the lap of May;
Tulips and daffodils and violets shy,
With bright smiles, sought to make my garden gay.
But all this beauty seems an empty thing
To me, from whom the light of love has flown,
And all the joy and loveliness of spring
Seems wasted, now that summer-time is done.

But yet, in Autumn's dusk, far overhead,
A million stars their tiny lanters light;
To me they are the flowers that once were dead—
Revived again to make my pathway bright.
Forget-me-nots in Memory's garden fair—
Eternal flowers, which Love has planted there.

Michigan —HAL FAUVER

Plum Tree in Spring

The plum tree blooms! The plum tree blooms!
  Springtime's magic bride
Has leaped to life and draped her veil
  About the country side.

The plum tree blooms! The plum tree blooms!
  God stopped in the night
And wrote upon the barren limbs
  This lyric of delight.

The plum tree blooms! The plum tree blooms!
  Hearts will loose their pain,
For when the plum tree blooms, Love walks
  Down every ragged lane.

Georgia —ESSIE M. CARMICHAEL

Think Twice, Young April Trees

Think twice, young April trees, before you throw
Your tall and gold-green beauty on the skies
Or lay a shimmering path for those who go
Down grassy lanes with terror in their eyes.

Think twice, O april trees, before you give
A respite and a solace that prolong
Their pangs of fear. Oh, April trees, they live
Who never felt in them the joy of song.

Perhaps, young April trees, this bird of stone,
These iron lilies in their marble urn
Are better far for men who go alone
Down grassy lanes, for frightened men that yearn,

And know that they will never find their peace.
Your yellow leaves delay their slow release.

Pennsylvania —BARTON HILLS

We Shall Have Spring Again

After the wind's bleak wailing,
And the crystal sleet's cold power,
After the snow's white veiling
Of stars, from the midnight hour,
After the sun's prevailing,
There shall be bud and flower.

After the lightning's fending,
And the thunder's deep refrain,
After the purple rending
Of clouds, to the voice of rain,
After the bow's bright bending,
We shall have spring, again!

Michigan —JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

If Spring Should Never Break for Me Again

If Spring should never break for me again,
O, Love, remember this,—those other years
When we have walked with Beauty. Shed no tears
That I must miss the glory of the hour when
The redbird's whistle and the saucy wren
Shall greet the argent dawn as it appears
In all its radiance; but go, dear, then,
Into the garden, where your eager ears
Will hear in every fragrant blowing thing,
Delicious Music;—healing Memory,—
For we have loved them all; and listening,
You will find peace and that dear ecstasy,—
Light as the touch of a bluebird's lifted wing,—
Knowing that each one speaks to you of me.

Texas —MARY S. FITZGERALD

A Plum Tree Blooms

In silent majesty it stands, snow white,
A plum tree in a garden. Calm, serene,—
A priest in stately robes. No fleck of green
To mar its purity. The purple night
Is blessed by that still presence, and the light
Of dawn that bathes it in an orchid sheen,
Is strangely hushed as, once more, Nature's dean
Gives praise to God in mute and lovely rite.

And in that sanctuary where the care
And turmoil of a world is shut away,
The soft white petals fall upon the sod;
An echo of a benedictive prayer
Invoking peace. I saw that tree today;—
A lovely symbol smiling up to God.

California —ELIZABETH STEADMAN TALBERT

March

March, a raggedy madcap,
  Flaunts her wicked spite,
Wraith of Winter's fury,
Dying in his might.

Connecticut —DARLEEN BARKER NIEHAUS

In Praise of April

I am drunk with April,—
April is a sprite,
Touching laggard greyness
With a blue delight,

Re-creating lovers
From a dusty past,
Crumbling lips that murmur:
"Beauty did not last."

Helen's mad, brief glory,
Golden Sappho's doom,
Rise in pale accusing
From a haloed tomb.

But, while we are dreaming,
April, you and I,
Sappho is a story,
Helen, history.

North Carolina —ZOE KINCAID BROCKMAN

Armistice

At war with life, I asked the world—
  The whole world, "What's the use?"
A dogwood tree saluted me
  And waved a flag of truce.

Georgia —WIGHTMAN F. MELTON.

The Dogwood Tree

To come upon such whiteness in the green
Deep heart of the woods! Upon loose-petaled foam
Of an ethereal lightness scarcely seen
In any other thing that springs from loam . . .

Not like thick blotches of the blooming pear,
Nor heavy, waxen-pale magnolia cup . . .
Unlike the snow's hard scintillating glare—
This is the whiteness water tosses up.

It is as though the leafy flood had surged
In chafing billows, like a mad green sea,
Until from swirling eddies there emerged
This airy froth of white fragilty.

Georgia —MARGUERITE STEFFAN

April in My Heart

Within my soul is a beating storm,
  Bending all thoughts with pain,
And this is the question my heart would form:
  Will sunshine follow the rain?

True, I was born in April, . . . so
  How can my spirit part
From kindred things? For this I know:
  It is April in my heart.

Illinois —ELSIE F. FILIPPI

Quatrain

I turned rebellious from their gilded creeds
And with defiant gesture scrapped them all,
Now manna rains to compensate my needs
And God is blooming by the garden wall.

Texas —LILITH LORRAINE

Pantheist

Who feels his heart chime choral notes
When groves their emerald trophies wear,
Who roams through woodland paths and finds
A thousand chapels beckoning prayer,
Finds heaven without rituals
Or dogmas pious men extol;
He reads God's own devotionals
From scripture writ in nature's soul.

Virginia —ALEXANDER ALAN STEINBACH

Whimsies

March is a fierce-beaked bird
Beating itself
Against the new-lit windows of Spring.

The vibrant strings of today
Respond to the fingers of yesterday—
Their utterance is life.

Today is an aeolian harp;
The winds of yesterday play upon it—
The music made upon it is tomorrow.

Regret is a gray hare
Limping in frosty fields;
But hope is a bird with golden wings
Soaring into the sunrise.

Hate is a cobra
Coiled about my heart;
But lovingkindness
Is a well of bright water
Into which I plunge my soul to save it.

North Carolina —HELEN HARRIET SALLS

Whence Comes This Passion?

Whence comes this passion that is never sated
To drink of song as meadows drink the light?
To feel the floods of music, unabated
Through many an April's flight?

Always such yearning that the sky is darkened
And hope grows withered as a sapless tree . . .
Unless, like bells in cloister aisles, is harkened
The throb of poesy!

Always, to miss the murmur of its fountains,
I wander wearily as a homeless thing,—
Lost as a mountaineer who leaves the mountains
Or a bird with broken wing!

Comrades may scoff, but some dark guardian power
Proclaims, "Hush not the light within your heart!
Else dim all lamps! and, having lived your hour,
Rise softly, and depart!"

New York —STANTON A. COBLENTZ

Brief Flight

I thought that wisdom would suffice
To weave a song,
And with cold measured cadences
I labored long.

But all in vain, the heavy words
Refused to sing;—
How could there be a lyric note
Without a wing?

New York —J. HORACE LOSH

Somewhere

We scarce know anything
With utter certainty:
The silhouette of spring
If life be in the tree,
The ebb and flow of tides,
The imminence of dawn
When darkest night abides,
Are things to count upon.

The things we know, apart,
That take no certain shape
Are love within the heart
And wine within the grape;
And in the brain conviction
That somewhere we shall find
A beauty past prediction
In any prophet's mind.

Florida —EDITH FULTON

Welcome

From choir-stalls in each leafy, gold-green tree,
Through rose-hued dawns and long enchanted days,
Spring's loveliness is hailed with songs of praise,
By worshipers, distraught with ecstasy.

Texas —PAULINE DILLINGHAM

Spring

Flaring
Tulip candles
Blow in the April wind,
And light the whole spring world again
To flame.

Georgia —CONSTANCE DEMING LEWIS

Warning

Ah, my young friend,
Standing up so straight and brave
Under the glass of the greenhouse,
Next week the Gardener will be setting you out
To fight the wind.

California —FLORENCE CLEMENS

Silver Tree

Your soul sprang up
  As a silver tree
Whose roots were anchored
  Deep in me;

I flung my heart
  As a bird in flight
From its silver branches
  Out of sight,

To soar for a span
  On the world's blue rim,
While the planets paled
  And the stars grew dim;

To drop as a bird
  To the barren sand,
And nest in the rocks
  Of a bitter land;

Yet out of the thorn brush
  Still to sing
Of a silver tree
  In the desert spring.

Georgia —GENEVIEVE LANIER

"A Tree Has Hope" (Job 14, 7)

A tree has hope: when ruthless winds have shorn
Her boughs of all their leaves, she will stand by
With patient mien, her calm soul lifted high,
Knowing that soon her joys will be reborn.
A tree has hope! Where the brown leaves lie deep
In the dank hollows,—under the dull heap
Of rotting death, what dreams of hers are hid!
What violets are stirring in their sleep!

A tree has hope: see how her bark puts forth
Its greenest moss against the bitter North.
Cut down her fairest boughs;
She will begin to fashion for herself
New twigs and branches where the thrush may house.

A tree has hope. She catches the last light
Of evening, and the earliest of dawn.
She reaches skyward where the stars are white,—
Never attaining, quite,
Yet not relinquishing her hold thereon:
A tree has hope!

Such strength as hers is rare.
You will scarce find such courage anywhere.
As she will show in face of sleet and rain
And winds that lash her wellnigh to despair.
Why is it that her soul can reach so high?
Chiefly because, far down beneath the earth
Brave roots are groping in the darkness there.
(They never climb who have not learned to grope.)
A tree has hope!

Maryland —SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION

The Peace of Beauty

Why beat our wings
  Against Life's cage?
The stress of futile things
  Cannot assuage
    Heart-hunger or the peace that beauty knows.

When dauntless souls go forth to seek
Eternal peace, their faith will dare
All danger. Even quiet speaks
In legacies to those who care.

Why beat our wings
  Against Life's cage?
For beauty clings—
  A living heritage
    To bind a lonely heart when sorrow flows.

District of Columbia —SARA VIRGINIA BEECKLEY

Shadow

I dare not half confess my love for thee,
As misers fear to count long-hoarded gold;
Lest on confession men should deem me bold
Thus to divulge so rich a treasury.
I dare not ponder what the fate may be
Of my dear fortune, once the story told,
When time has with her niggard justice doled
My portion of reward to destiny.

For nature sets her hand against extremes
And hurls the mighty from exalted seat:
So should she find me blest beyond my due
With thoughts of thee that make my riches great.
She must forbear to add one hope thereto,
And leave me but the shadow of my dreams.

Georgia —EDWIN A. GILLIAM

Recovered Eden

My soul was frightened as it wandered here
Between tall ranks of guardian druid-trees;
I feared their serpents tossing in the breeze,
Their incantations! Now I have no fear,
For this is the garden that the Lord God planted
For Eve and Adam! My inheritance
Of peace and beauty—long lost consonance—
By singing birds and humming bees enchanted!

Nothing is strange! Each softly burnished disk
Of cypress-water has revealed my face
Since childhood's dawn! The golden-hearted grace
Of Cherokee roses; Lady Banksia's haughty risk
In loftiest treetop, daring Wistaria on
To follow . . . follow . . . to assault the stars
Caught unawares, without protecting bars
Of stalwart boughs to haunt each Amazon! . .
Sunsets, soft as these by azaleas limned
Against a tapestry of quivering jade,
Flushing dogwood clouds; weaving brocade
Tissues where lagoons dream, darkly dim . . .
All these I have recovered in this spot,
With confidences of primeval trees—
Liveoaks, magnolias, sombre cypresses—
Chanting runes I had almost forgot! . . .

Oh, this is the garden that the Lord God planted,
And walked in the dew-cool of the day . . .
It is my garden, none shall bar my way . . .
From Eve and Adam's sin I have recanted!

District of Columbia —Anne Kelledy Gilbert

Song of the Wind

I ruffle the hair of a maiden at prayer,
And tug at the skirt of a red Jezebel,
I ravage a cloud and flutter a shroud,
I whisper of heaven and mutter of hell.

I blow from the south with a smile on my mouth
Of drowsy contentment, like peace after pain;
I blow from the north, my lips white with froth,
When my anger is loosed on the wild hurricane.

The waves of the sea are subservient to me.
I bridle them fast with a masterful hand.
To the touch of my lash they murmur or crash,
Obedient alike to my slightest command.

(Ah, the woman who stands with her fate in my hands,
And watches the sea for a long vanished sail,
And her man is asleep on the breast of the deep,
As he moves with his ship that was lost in the gale.)

The steeple-jacks reel to their girders of steel,
Higher the towers and prouder the scheme.
Not a city or town but I can blow down
To the wreckage of hope in the dust of a dream.

Lonely and strange, in perpetual change,
Cruel and kind is the song on my breath,
To the conqueror's will a mystery still,
Unstable as water, unfathomed as death.

Virginia —FLORENCE WILSON ROPER

Conflicts

My soul goes clad in brittle singing words
Caught each to each by slender threads of thought,
Unfettered as the swerving flight of birds
Into the sun's great eye. Each one is fraught
With pulsant color, strange, exotic, warm,
Yet simple, too, and strong with quiet power;
A fitting cloak to wear against the storm
That crouches at the threshold of each hour.

My body goes in somber blue and brown
And walks sedately through accustomed tasks
Up one short interval of hours and down
The next. Secure behind the masks
Of long restraint, my soul and body go
Conflicting comrades, and contented so.

Arizona —FRANCIS DAVIS ADAMS

Roundelay

Spring came dancing across the hills
Trilling her roundelay,
Leaving a trail of daffodils
And hyacinths today.

Showering the trees with petaled snow,
Breathing a perfumed rune
Over the place where lilacs blow,
To make a purple tune.

Spring came dancing across the hills
Trilling her roundelay—
Muted for me today her trills,
With you away, away.

Florida —NAN DAVIS BRECKENRIDGE

Sea Love

My eyes are wide with wonder
As I watch the dawn advancing;
My voice is stilled by noonday
With its glamorous blue sky;—
But these cannot make my heart beat
Swift as song of curving billows,
Or flame on moonlit waters
When the rippling tide is high.

I know the love of April
With its petal and its promise,
The burnished breast of summer,
Autumn's ripe reality;—
But these cannot make me tingle
As a rainbow arching spindrift
Or wind-blown waves of ocean
White as a hawthorne tree.

There are miracles of beauty
Everywhere to glean and treasure;
A gray sail vanishing in mist,
Or beach grass bent with rain . . .
But these cannot tear my heart out
As blue water reaching seaward,
Leaving dunes forlorn and arid
Till the tide comes back again!

Virginia —JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

The Moon Is a Mermaid

The moon
Is a mermaid
Floating in the ocean,
Trailing her dripping, golden hair
Along.

Florida —NAN DAVIS BRECKENRIDGE

Eternity

There is no starting-place, no end,
Time flows, impersonal, unceasing, on;
Gray dusk gives place to flaming rose at dawn
And burns to gray again. Do not pretend

That love, for all its eagerness and strength
Can set apart, immortalized, to keep,
One moment from the slow majectic sweep
Of Time, while God rides down its length.

Time is God's hunting ground, where Future,
Now, and Past
Are indistinguishable trails at last
And standing at their junction, listening, I
Can hear God's timeless horses running by.

Indiana —RACHEL MASON PEDEN

Call of the Earth

Acrid, pungent smoke,
From bush-fires on the new-ground,
Is calling my heart,
And I am longing to plant
Small brown seeds in a garden.

Skyward

My heart is a kite today,
Sailing where cloud-puffs wend,
For springtime chants a roundelay
Telling winter to end.

And life is a genii,—
Given to fantasy,—
Who flashes dreams across the sky,
Calling to me—to me!

Georgia —MAYBELLE M. PORTER

Bands of Orion

With belt and sword and star of ember-red,
Orion gleams above the roofs of snow.
What is Orion? Rays of light once shed
From burning suns long centuries ago,—
Remote, apart in time and space,—the light
Just reaching us, from suns not where them seem,
Perhaps changed now in brilliance. Yet the bright
Glory is real, "Orion" not a dream.

Reality of life and death may lie
Beyond our finite thought, our best ideal,
Yet bound by bands, as stars across the sky,
The beauty of a radiant life is real,
For love has bouyant power to release
The heart to hope, the mind to inward peace.

Massachusetts MARY REED JOSLIN

Wind Songs

I know the very syllables to shout on a gusty day,
When leaves are tribes of dervishes
Along the frosted way.
"Ship Ahoy!" and "Tally-ho!" seem rather doubtful song,
But, oh, their lovely resonance
When the wind is blowing strong!

The snowflakes fall in April and never touch the ground.
I send to them in yodel
My whirling flakes of sound:
"Calliope!" and "Ulalume!" in the heady air of spring.
They do not make an aria,
But every word can sing.

Indiana —KATHERINE VENTRES WELCH

A Tree Hit by Lightning

You reached too high, young tree, you stood tip-toe,
And roused a hidden artery from sleep;
With feet upon the earth, a tree should keep
Itself out of the clouds, stand still and grow
With shorter stature, broader crown, and throw
Its roots in shallow soil, and never deep;
For what the green trees sow, they also reap,
And this may be the lightning's angry blow.

There is a welcome up where lightning plays
For trees as well as man, but not until
They quit the earth, and all its worldly ways;
And till that time the trees should stand quite still
And be content to live unharmed, and gaze
At golden scribbles high above the hill.

Tennessee —ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

My Age

You asked my age the other day
And I refused to say.
I'm sorry now I didn't tell
Since you have gone away.
The truth about my age, dear Heart,—
Ah, if you only knew!
I'm just a pensive child with years
Aladdin-like and few!
I wonder if you understand.
I wish . . I hope you do . . .
My years are numbered by the hours,—
The hours I've spent with you!

Iowa —EISYE TASH SATER

Tryst

Across my floor the dancing shadows fall;
It is the hour you always come to call.

I've put the kettle on to boil for tea;
There's honey cake for you; spiced toast for me.

The cloth is spread; the cups and silver laid;
The violets that you said would never fade

I've put here in the center. Oh, but wait,—
I think you'd like to find one on your plate.

I've laid a new dry log upon the fire;
The yellow flames are leaping high and higher.

And now I'll light the candles. They are blue.
(It is the color that belongs to you.)

Oh, soon you will knock softly at my door,
And I shall not be lonely any more.

Ohio —DOROTHY DEZOUCHE

At Public Auction

It is only an old table
That has been used in the kitchen
For many years.
Scarred by knives,
Battered by pans and crockery,
It stands, a homely thing.

But once she bowed her head on it
And wept.

It is not for sale.

Tennessee —WILLIAM PATTERSON

Left Behind

I have a lover—
Or once I had—for now he lives away
Where wild lights flame of nights
And smoke wreaths cover
The beauty of the day.

I tend my flowers,
Small beds of larkspur, mignonette and rue,
And long to pass from grass
To steel-wrought towers
Where life is swift and new.

When days are sunny,
I wish the smiling blue were angry red.
Why mock with talk
Of wine and amber honey
The soul that starves for bread?

New Hampshire —CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

Blind

You say that I am blind, but, oh, you cannot know
The visions that I see;
Because I cannot sight material things,
Heaven remembers me.

For me, the perfect sunset never fades,
It is always light;
God, Himself, has taught my soul to see,
So there is no night.

Utah —MIRANDA WALTON

Alchemists

I thought them very common trees,
  Box Elders,
With their trunks all humped and gnarled,
Hheir leaves like some poor beggars tatters
  And hair unkempt and snarled.

But now I've found them out,
  These plain Box Elders,
For when I passed their way
They stood all gold with pools of gold about them
  And even showered it on me.

I thought them very dismal trees,
  Box Elders,
With their black limbs hung with moss,
Clinging to fruits of by-gone summers,
  While ragged young leaves toss.

But I have found them out,
  These dull Box Elders,
For when I passed their way
Their arms were filled with clear transparent sunshine
  Although the skies were grey.

Washington ARTA VERITY

Cinquain

Oncoming rain
With crinkle and swish
Is the taffeta skirt of a giantess queen
Tripping the tops
Of the trees.

Tennessee —ELSIE JANET WHEELER

Illusion

I thought I saw a shining scarf
Lying beneath the trees,
Fretted with twinkling, silver stars
Like fairy draperies.

The moon and I stooped down to see
If we could pick it up,
We found it was a lilly pool—
Held in an earthen cup.

Georgia —GRACE WOODWARD HOWARD

Cinderella

I had forgotten
the drab and withered bulb
I tucked between
warm sheets of loam—
to wait the arousing
touch of spring . . . .
Today,
a tulip startled me
in her flaming gown
of scarlet taffeta!

Alabama —WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT

Pink Dogwood

When April shows her smiling face
And pale, pink dogwood trees
Spread their petaled, chiffon skirts
To rustle in the breeze,

I know that soon their gowns will fade,
And I am sure to see
Them change their pretty, pink chiffons
For cool, green organdy!

Georgia —LUCILLE EDGEWORTH OSLIN

Idiosyncrasy

I like to think that the little clouds,
  That dot a summer sky,
Are words that God has dropped about
  To catch my wayward eye.

Life Is a Dream

Life is a desert;
  And time is the sand—
Shifting, and running
  Out of my hand.

Life is a desert;
  Oases are dreams
Of love; and fulfilment
  That quickens and gleams.

Iowa —ELENORE LEE WHITE

Siesta

Euterpe wakens in her throat
A strange, melodic, jungle note

That lulls her ravished ear, and sleep
Falls on her silver body.—Deep

In haunted dreams, her satin paws
Extend their devastating claws.

Her Royal Highness takes a nap
And stalks a robin on my lap.

Colorado —OLIVE GRANDISON

Desert Nocturne

(In the wide, bleak wastes of the Hopi country, where a remnant of the cliff-dwelling peoples have for centuries wrested a living from an unresponsive environment, the austerities of the land are softened when the curtains of night are drawn across the windows of the sky.

High on the rocky mesas of Walpi, are three cities of the fabled country sought by the Conquistadores; and here, under the cliffs, by the light of the stars and the afterglow, come thoughts half spoken).

Night: With the scent of the soft, gray sage
And the witchery of the dark.
In the light of the friendly, nearby stars
And the glow of a camp fire spark:
From beyond the cool of the silvery sands,
Above the cliffs, the faint, blue bands
Of a phantom radiance shining.

Night: With a sigh in the silence, deep—
Too deep for thought or word.
Somewhere, in the depth of the darkness
The lonesome note of a bird:
Farborne, from the endless desert waste,
On the breath of the night wind comes a taste
Of the nectar of nameless flowers.

Arizona —V. O. WALLINGFORD

Silence

She hovers near me when I sleep
Coming in sacred moments, hushed and still;
She sits with me before my friendly fire
And walks with me light-footed on the hill.

Breathing the pungent tang of sea
Silence and I follow the silver gull
And watch the flaming huntress of the Dawn
Unsheath her darts and loose a miracle!

Virginia —CATHERINE BEESON WRIGHT

Voices

I love to listen in the night
To rain upon the roof.
It fills my soul with strange delight
To hear the far-off *woof*

Of some poor dog who bays the moon.
And when the wind is wild
I love the old black mammy's croon
That sooths her sleeping child.

I love the distant tinkling tone
Of cow-bells in the vale;
The turtle'dove's sad plaintive moan
That tells a tragic tale.

I love the locust's strident lyre,
The jarfly's grating wing;
I love to sit beside the fire
And hear the crickets sing.

These voices like the bull-frog's bass,
The tree-toad's screechy trills,
Seem older than the human race,
Co-eval with the hills.

Kentucky —COTTON NOE

Grief

"All wounds are healed by time"—
  Not mine! Not mine!
Time carries others merrily
  To meet the morrow
While, alone, I sit with sorrow
  Knowing there will be
Only yesterday—for me.

Georgia —MARCELLE STANTON MEGAHEE

Day's Ending

Red sun, sinking
Under the rim of the bay,
Why all this glory
For the end of day?
Why all this pagan beauty
To usher the light away?

Coming of Night

Night comes on,
Still, silently,
Treading a shadowy maze
Out over the rills.
Petal-sweet,
The darkness
Veils the mist-hung hills.
In the timber hall,
Far in deep purple shadow,
One bird trills.

Minnesota —PHYLLIS TRULLINGER

The Rogue

The night
Is like a rogue.
He slinks across the lake
And filches precious jewels from
The sun.

Florida —ELIZABETH CHARLES WELBORN

Two Songs

Up I went to the mountain top,
  High as the world is high,
And laid me down in the windy grass,
  And turned my face to the sky.

Under my heart the cool earth sang
  To the choke-cherry tree above,
A song that blossomed along the bough:
  "Happiness-God-Love!"

Down I went to the village street,
  Down where the houses grow,
And the mountainy song was lost in the din
  Of words tossed to and fro.

The song of the earth to the choke-cherry bough
  Was lost in the song that rolled
Into my ears from the mouths of men:
  "Dominance-Fame-Gold!"

Nightmare

I saw the sky one awful night
  Collapse without a sound;
I saw the moon whirl crazily
  And smash upon the ground.

I saw a host of ageless men
  Come riding down the air
And pass me swiftly, through and through,
  As though I were not there.

I tried to scream and tasted earth
  Like meal grown damp and strong
And knew that I, poor fool, had been
  Stone dead my whole life long.

Three Women

In a dusty street
at the edge of town
three women watch
the sun go down:

A slender girl—
gay-lipped and bold—
a wife, and one
who is only old.

One sings of the gallant
who will make
a cloak of his love
for her beauty's sake.

One speaks of her awed
and wistful prayers
for the unborn child
her body bears.

But one looks long
at the darkening day
and has no word,
no word to say.

Texas —FAY M. YAUGER

Adoration to Trees

My adoration to the stately
trees!
They know when they have said
enough,
And in the form of a rebuff
They only nod to the garrulous
breeze.

Missouri —BEULAH M. HUEY

Perfection

Of all the heroes ever sung
  That centuries attest,
Of all the gods in any tongue,
  Mercury was the best.
Though Thor was strong and Zeus was great,
  And Atlas passed rejection,
Mercury's name is consecrate;
  He only was perfection.
He, of all the hallowed dead,
  Achieved the infinite zeal;
His heels were winged to match his head,
  His head to match his heel.
How must he pity us, who go
  With heads no fetters bind,
But dragging like the hobbled doe
  To the heels that limp behind—
Or we who sprint on lightsome feet
  That never halt nor wallow
Till brought up short on some dark street
  By the head that will not follow!
Oh, blissful life he must have led!
  Set him a true god's seal!
His heels were winged to match his head;
  His head to match his heel.

Pennsylvania —DOROTHY COWLES PINKNEY

that awaken a similar response in the reader or hearer. Poetry is a bridge of rhythmic words linking what we know with what we feel."

Faye Cashatt Lewis, Webster City, Iowa: "When the human soul becomes articulate, its speech is poetry."

M. E. Fletcher Bishop, Jackson, Kentucky: "Poetry is the rhythmic expression which liberates our exuberant emotions of beauty."

Ella Warner Fisher, Vergennes, Vermont:

"Enduring poems are made
From fires divine,
Voicing a heart-throb
In each glistening line."

One of Mrs. Fisher's friends, who desires to be nameless, says:

"Poetry is a composition
With lines of uneven length.
It may rhyme; it may not;
It may be metrical; it may not;
It may be sense; it may not;
But if it looks right . . .
That's poetry."

Maynie Stoddard Wilson, Long Beach, California:

"Poetry is painting words with morning's rose;
Sunlight imprisoned, where an opal glows
Wistaria, pouring its purple rain;
Silver melody of love's sweet refrain."

Peggy Williams, Crystal Springs, Mississippi: "For the un-mortal which cannot be seen or handled, POETRY is the voice and proof."

Jeanette Shelley, Denver, Colorado:

"Stardust fell in a soul—
Into a dream-full sea—
Its waters were troubled to ripples—
The rhythm was poetry."

Mary A. Kiefer, Anderson, Indiana: "Poetry is a flawless mirror, reflecting only the images of those who stand before it."

Stella Roberts Baker, Las Cruces, New Mexico: "Poetry is the loveliest creation a thought can wear. Poetry is the translation of rapture's alphabet."

Florence E. Joachim, New York City: "As the finder of the camera holds the undeveloped picture, so the eye as well as the visionary eye, conceives and holds the word-picture, the poem."

John Warwick Daniel III, Washington, D. C.:

"Poetry is the radium of the soul
Squeezed from the pitchblende of despair
A pure and deathless exudence, a flame
That lights the torch of beauty everywhere."

Helen Harriet Salls, Oxford, N. C.:

Poetry is a mystic potion compouded of the breath of flowers and the diverse songs of birds, the wailing of the wind and the rhythmic roar of ocean, the dazzled dew of morning and the dank mists of night, children's laughter and old men's tears, the vows of love and the prayers of adoration, the bright foam from the ethereal circumambient sea, all mingled into one vast golden flagon, and poured out generously for the delectation of the soul."

Carl K. Bomberger, Montclair, N. J.:

"Poetry:
The ageless speech
Of God and Nature,
Made articulate in man."

Dorothy Callaway, San Antonio, Texas:

"Music
Is the language
Of heaven, and poetry
Is the Esperanto of heaven
And earth."

The "Editor's Prize," a copy of Edith Tatum's lovely book, THE AWAKENING OF ISEULT, goes to Carl Bomberger, a New Jersey college student.

In the May-June issue we shall discuss "Poems that Depress and Poems that Strenghen."

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

Book Review

Bring to the reading of these pages awe
And reverence; the tenderness that springs
From memories of old, lost, lovely things
You've known, and visions that your eyes once saw.
But seal your lips, I pray you, with the law
Of silence, for the sacredness of tears
Is writ herein,—the breathlessness of fears
Vanquished despite temptations to withdraw.
Here is no sketch merely to entertain—
No exposition of entangled creeds;
Nor a dry textbook proposing to teach,
But the brief record of a heart's high needs.
It tells of one who climbs with utmost pain
To distant heights her soul desires to reach.

Maryland —SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION

PSYCHOLOGY OF WRITING SUCCESS—Edited by J. George Frederick. (The Business Bourse, N. Y. $2.50.)

The deeper secrets of writing success are laid bare in this practical and interestingly written volume. Chapters by Dr. A. A. Brill, Floyd Dell, Thyrza Samter Winslo, Mary Austin and Thomas Uzzell and twenty-four interesting "case histories" by the editor, with a comprehensive diagnosis of each case, combine to make the book somewhat unique and lend authenticity to the publisher's statement that it should be regarded as "standard equipment" for any writer, editor or teacher of writing.

MORE POWER TO POETS! By Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. (Henry Harrison, N. Y. $1.50.)

Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, poetry editors, lecturers, critics and authors of several books of poetry, add further laurels to their triumphs in this compilation of delightful essays which have appeared previously in POETRY WORLD. Through the content of these informal dissertations, the authors take one back-stage and reveal some serious problems, carefully veiled with cleverness and a dash of acrimony, here and there,

to enliven one's interest when the fine print begins to tire one's eyes. Poetry-lovers are sure to find this book both interesting and entertaining.

THE DEAD LIE DOWN, by Walter R. Adams. (Kaleidograph Press. $1.50.)

This young poet comes out of the Southwest, bringing a handful of clear-cut verses, noteworthy for their economy of word and simplicity of style. His verses are, for the most part, "quotable" and well adapted to radio programs. "Beauty Quest" is one that has had wide appeal.

"If in my quest for beauty I should find
Has found and nurtured, and with soul and mind
A berry or a grape no other poet
Remove it from its wild retreat and grow it
Where beauty-hungered multitudes pass by,—
What priest has done a holier thing than I?"

CHAPEL BY THE SEA. By Edith Courtenay Babbitt. (Stephen Daye Press.)

"A first book of poems needs a public to be garnered from that indefinite place, 'Somewhere'," writes the author of this book. "Chapel by the Sea" will find an appreciative audience among poetry-lovers who prefer longer poems with a narrative suggested rather than told. Colorful bits of description heighten the appeal of the poems and the format is unusually attractive.

WINGS ON THE HILLTOP. By Marguerite George, (Kaleidograph Press. $1.50.)

This writer, now living in New York, has blended local color, Biblical themes and revelations of human emotions into a book which is both pleasing and sincere. She exhibits a facility of technique, too, which lifts some of her themes from the commonplace. Her title poem is particularly significant.

"Wings on the hilltop
Are heavenly words
Spoken by God
In silver birds—
Clear and fine
Like a penciled line

They circle each crest
And touch the sky—
Wings on the hilltop,
Teach me to fly."

ATONEMENT'S OFFERINGS. By Adrian Huffman. (Agenda Press, Walla Walla, Washington. $1.00.)

The winner of BOZART'S award for the January-February issue presents some of his best poems in attractive brochure of seventy pages. As editor of AGENDA, a magazine published monthly by the inmates of Walla Walla Penitentiary, Adrian Huffman is winning recognition, as well as through his poetry which is appearing in authentic publications. Even the gloom of grey walls and the "steel of prison bars" cannot silence the unfaltering lyricism of his poetry. Of the longer poems, a paraphrase titled "Elegy Written in a Prison Graveyard," is probably the most striking. "Emancipation," inscribed to Warden James MacCauley, "whose words, one afternoon, inspired these lines," sounds a wholesome philosophy.

For an example of the author's lyric touch, a stanza of "Time is Long" is quoted:

"Forget you? . . . Oh, have April buds forgot
Their rendezvous with spring? Has Heaven set
Its covenant with hearts that could forget
The lilt of Easter dawn? . . . Has Nature not
Remembered summer's urgent need of spring
With gardens lush in spirit, leaf and sod
As memory's humble sacrament to God?
Is life itself not love, remembering?"

—MARTHA LYMAN SHILLITO.

POEMS, 1930-1933, by Benjamin Musser. (The Caxton Printers, Limited, Caldwell, Idaho, $2.00).

The perennial, not to say semi-annual, Benjamin Musser, has added yet another to his list of twenty-six published books. These are the poems gathered from those written during the years 1930, 1931, and 1932 that he cares to preserve in book form, a sort of autoanthology, so to speak. Writers, though, are notoriously poor judges of their own

work, and this fact should be borne in mind in making an estimate of the book, for it is not first class poetry. Whether it is the best of Mr. Musser's work during those three years I cannot say, for I have not seen the crop.

The volume falls into eleven books, each dedicated to one or more writers, each section comprising poetry of a different sort: sea and nature pieces, analyzed rhyme, suspended or slant rhyme, children's verse, et cetera. Nearly all of them are reprints; Mr. Musser's work, to judge by the list of acknowledgements, has appeared in just about every small poetry magazine in the country, to say nothing of magazines and anthologies.

No valid judgment of any man's work can be made in a short review. The result is enforcedly unfair to the author, the reader, and the reviewer. Let us say, then, that Mr. Musser is possessed of a technique adequate to his purpose; of a diction that is usually conventional and sometimes emptily experimental; and an apparently inexhaustible invention. The book should sell, for it should appeal to a large audience.

—ROBERT ENGLAND.

YOUNG HEART, by George St. Clair. (Henry Harrison, Publisher, New York, $1.50)

The advent of blank verse brought with it a possibility for a realism never attainable in rhymed verse. George St. Clair employs this medium in his book, "Young Heart," merely as a tool, perfectly wielded, to interpret his ripe understanding of mankind.

The little volume contains four poems, each charming; but after the first, "A Boy's Heart," there is a feeling of sufficiency — bewilderment that the author had anything further to say. He presents the complete kaleidoscope of human emotions, from scorching hate to idealistic love, and carries the reader through each of them in turn.

Through the mouth of this boy, the author tells his narrative simply; his style is simple, his words are simple, but it is the sort of simplicity that creates a feeling of intimacy and understanding, a simplicity that makes a great poem.

The three other poems are delightful interpretations that intensify one's respect for George St. Clair.

—JEAN ENGLAND.

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

Few things are easier, says John Sparrow, in the London *Spectator*, than to write a fine line of poetry; few things more difficult than to write a fine poem. Suppose we write ten fine lines of poetry, than each of which "few things are easier": behold, the fine poem!—L. A. G. Strong dissents from the fairly common view, that poetry should reflect the social and political thought of its time. It does not matter, he declares, what a poet believes so long as the belief nourishes his art. We do not remember Coleridge because of pantisocracy, or Shelley for his liberalism, or Wordsworth for the revolutionary ardors of his youth. No? Nor, will Mr. Strong tell us, Dante and Jasopone for their social and political thought as well as their religions belief, nor David the Psalmist? Mr. Strong is right, however, in maintaining that poetry should not merely reflect the social and political thought of its time; it should in fact lead and *form* that thought; social and political thought should reflect the *poet* and his *poem*.

Margaret Scott Copeland (Rosewood at Columbia, Ontario, Calif.) is editor of an exquisite new magazine with the enigmatic title *"Five,"* meaning five outstanding poems of the month presented in each issue, the fifth being a reprint and the others accepted Mss. for which one dollar is paid upon publication. Subscription is $1.00 for 12 issues, sample copies are 10 cents.—Alan F. Pater announces, for appearance in late summer or early fall, the first issue of *The Poetry Digest* (516 5th Ave., N. Y.), and says he'll pay a dollar a poem. If you wish to take a chance, go ahead. It's not my funeral.—A new magazine has appeared in Philadelphia and calls itself, modestly, the *Universal Poetry Magazine*, which takes in quite a bit of territory beyond this small world. "Poetry," says the editor, "is something the general public cannot do without." And, as Don Rose comments in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*, he might also have said that the general public is something which a universal magazine cannot do without.—Stanton A. Coblentz has moved his admirable periodical *Wings* from 1135 Anderson Avenue to 930 Ogden Avenue, N. Y. City.—Inez Tyler and her *Blue Moon*, formerly

of Hillsdale, Mich., have moved to 3426 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.—Under auspices of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, a new verse vehicle, *Spirit*, was launched in March. It will publish only the society members' work, but membership ($1.00 dues) is open to non-Catholics; payment for Mss. is made on publication at rate of twenty cents per line. Subscriptions ($2.00) and Mss. should be addressed to John Gilland Brunini, 4622 Grand Central Terminal, N. Y. City.—William Sawyer writes me he plans presently to revive his former verse magazine, *Scepter*. Poets interested can address Mr. Sawyer care the *Nashville Banner*, Nashville, Tenn.—Irl Morse, editor of *Better Verse*, hopes if financially able to bring out another magazine, *The Caravan*.—Conrad Akin, with "Landscape West of Eden," was the featured contributor in March *American Poetry Magazine*.—Antoinette Scudder is editor of *The Spinners* (67 St. Marks Place, N. Y. City), the for-women-only new verse magazine produced to prove that Max Eastman and I have made a faux-pas.—Leander Leitner's linoleum cut on cover of the spring *Expression*: the Gayren Magazine was a nice gesture toward the founder of the Bozart Press, but the picture bears no remote resemblance to Ernest. By the way, when and why did James Gabelle, editor of *Expression*, decide to insert a Y in his Garen Press, making it Gayren?

Even one as factual about poets' books as is Henry Harrison can slip up. In his "Crazy Quilt," in *Poetry World*, Henry rebuked Lew Ney for referring to Carl John Bostelmann's books. Books, sez henry? There was only one book, he sez, called *Hedges, Hills and Horizons* (which Mr. Harrison published). But Lew was right: in 1928 Vinal published Carl John's *April Comes Early*, and there may have been others since then.—I'd like to call your attention to the firstling of a young Texas poet not so well known as he deserves to be: Walter R. Adams' *The Dead Lie Down*, published by the Kaleidograph Press, Dallas ($1.50). Kaleidograph is also bringing out Margaret E. Bruner's new book, successor to her fine *Hill Road*.—Late in March the Parnassus Press, 11 Barrow St., N. Y. C., is issuing *Horizons of Death* ($1.75), Norman Macleod's first one-man book. (He was co-author of *Five Poets*, published by Harrison in 1929.) Strongly experimental, highly individual, sociological, Norm is worth watching. Some of you will remember his *Palo Verde* and one or two other magazines now defunct. He is today working for Harper & Bros., and is contributing editor of *Latin Quarterly*.—Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas' new book, *Roads of Earth* (Dorrance, $1.50), is much her finest work. Jessie Rittenhouse has written and Houghton

Mifflin has published her autobiography, *My House of Life* ($3.50).—The story of Vidal, the greatest of the troubadours of Provence, is told by George Cronyen in *The Fool of Venus*, published in March by Covici, Friede.—Farrar & Rinehart, who by the way have moved to 232 Madison Ave., N. Y. City, reported recently 330,000 printings of *Anthony Adverse*. They neglected to mention how many persons had read this gargantuan epic from cover to cover, or how many considered it a Christian classic.—I heartily recommend two new books on great Victorian poets, E. E. Phare's *The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins*: A Survey and Commentary (Macmillan, $2.75), and Frederick Page's *Patmore: A Study in Poetry* (Oxford University Press, $2.25).—John Livingston Lowes has a new book, this time on *Geoffrey Chaucer and the Development of His Genius* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). And have you seen, from the same publishing house, *The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, edited by F. N. Robinson ($4.00)? If you're going in for Canterbury pilgrimages and whatnot, don't overlook G. K. Chesterton's *Chaucer* ,Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50).

The George Sterling prize of $50 offered by the editors of *The Step Ladder* for the best poem published in that magazine during 1933, was awarded to Merwin Coe, for "Outdoor Sketch," in January 1933 issue.—Prize offers open to the Order of Bookfellows for 1934, include $50 for a one-act play, and $25 for a sonnet on the general subject of Music. For details, consult Flora Warren Seymour, 1223 E. 53rd St., Chicago.—By the way, contributions for the 1934 *Bookfellow Anthology* are now in order. Only Bookfellows may contribute.—Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney have an exciting prose-on-poetry volume, *More Power to Poets!*, just off the press of Henry Harrison (430 Sixth Ave., N. Y. City; $1.50) The plan is underway for a contest, organized by Mr. Harrison, for the best essay on certain poets and on certain points of view discussed in the book. If it matures, Margaret Widdemer, Elias Lieberman and the present scribe will probably be the contest judges. But at this moment of writing, details are not arranged. Write to the Cheyneys for information: 301 Maryland Avenue, Clifton Heights, P. O., Pa.—*The New Republic* (421 W. 21st St., N. Y. City), seeking direct evidence to clarify the Art vs. Propaganda controversy, offers $25 for the best poem, preferably not over 40 lines, on the Reichstag fire trial in Germany. If the contest editors receive nothing worth printing (here comes the delicious anti-climax), they promise to buy $25 worth of sonnets on Truth, Love and Beauty.

James Neill Northe (303 Rosewood Court, Ontario, Calif.) is compiling a California anthology. Mr. Northe as editor of *Silhouettes* and *Warp and Woof*, and compiler of the superb anthology *Threads and Shadows*, is surety of a worth while collection of the Pacific coast poets. —Alter Brody is preparing for Covici, Friede a definitive anthology of Yiddish literature in English translation, to include prose, poetry and belles-lettres.

A group of persons calling themselves The Poet Laureate League, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., is petitioning congress to grant a salary of $3500 a year to somebody the league will elect as Poet Laureate of the United States, the tenure of office to be for ten years. Meanwhile real poets go hungry in preferance to this ridiculous office of "accasional" verse-hacker.—Archibald Rutledge, who lives in Pennsylvania, has just been appointed Poet Laureate of South Carolina by Governor Blackwood.

Richard Arnzen Chase is conducting a book shop at No. 1 Summer St., Plymouth, Mass. Dick is remembered as editor of the excellent though short-lived *Agora*, verse and prose.—Kennaday & Livingston, literary and dramatic agency, have appointed Frank Shay as an associate. Mr. Shay was the earlier publisher of Eugene O'Neil, Edna Millay and others who are headliners today.—It is probable that Kenton Kilmer will conclude his pursuit of a doctorate by receiving his Ph.D. at Louvain University. Joyce's son will go overseas this summer.—Sam M. Steward, author of *Pan and the Fire-Bird* (Harrison, 1930), will receive a Ph.D. in June from Ohio State University.—Dom Placid, O.S.B., Critic of the Poetry Society of North Carolina, was recently given an honorary Litt.D. Father Placid has a new book of poems in press, to be issued by the Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.—The original Ms. of Francis Scott Key's "Star-Spangled Banner" was sold at auction in New York, on January 4th, for $24,000, a preposterous evaluation of a mediocre piece of verse, or else the result of a contorted idea of patriotism. At the same sale John Howard Payne's autographed Ms. of the saccharine but otherwise better piece of work, "Home, Sweet Home," went for only $600. Evidently spangles and war are more venerated than is an ever-so-humble home.

Poets Laureate

We are still doing our level best to find out the names of the Poets Laureate of the several commonwealths in these United States of America. To date, we have the following information:

Alabama—Samuel Minturn Peck Arkansas—Charles Thomas Davis

California—John Stephen McGroarty Colorado—Nellie Burget Miller

Florida—Vivian Yeiser Laramore Georgia—Ernest Neal

Idaho—Irene Welch Grissom Indiana—E. A. Richardson

Kentucky—Cotton Noe Minnesota—None as yet.

Missouri—Florida Watts Smyth, succeeding Sara Teasdale. (Just here we are puzzled. Who is Poet Laureate of Missouri? The BLUE MOON says, in its current issue: "Susan Louise Marsh, 1137 Moorlands Drive, Richmond Heights, St. Louis, Missouri, was appointed Poet Laureate of Missouri, March 8, 1933, by the National Poet Laureate League of Washington, D. C." "Thimble, thimble, who's got the thimble?" Will one of our Missouri friends please set us right).

North Carolina—"None as yet;" but what about Gertrude Perry West?

Oklahoma—Violet McDougal or Paul Kreager—Which? Correspondents have given us both these names; but Governor Murray, in a personal letter, says Oklahoma has no official Poet Laureate. Help!

Nebraska—John G. Neihardt South Carolina—Archibald Rutledge

Pennsylvania—Florence Earle Coates, elected by State Federation of Clubs.

Texas—Ruth Michaelis, succeeding Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Vermont—Robert Frost.

NOTE: Friends of BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE, and thank Heaven, we have thousands of them, please help us to get a complete and correct list of Poets Laureate of "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

Prizes Awarded

"The Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize" of $25.00, presented by Cora Smith Gould for the best poem published in the January-February issue of BOZART and CONTEMPORARY VERSE has been awarded, by popular ballot, to Hallie Whitaker, of Oklahoma, for her poem, "Night—Oklahoma Oil Fields;" and John Zeigler, of South Carolina, for his "Sonnet." Lucia Trent's "Cry Down the Wind" came second. The following six contributors tied for third place: Virginia Doss, of Tennessee; Virginia Stait, of Virginia; H. Raynesford Mulder, of Ohio; Edith Fulton, of Florida; Gaston Burridge, of California; and Lucie Gill Price, of Texas. The following received highly complimentary votes: Mary Alethia Woodward, Coleen Aslin, Alice Cathey, Nancy Telfair, Essie Carmichael, Paul Stough, Frank Cheavens, Edwin Carlile Litsey, Florence Snow, Mary A. Kiefer, and Benaro Wilkinson Overstreet.

Goldie Capers Smith, Bear Creek Farm, Grapevine, Texas, Route 2, awards an autographed copy of her book of poems, SWORDS OF LAUGHTER, to Winnie Lynch Rockett, Alabama, for her poem, "Joseph," the donor's favorite of the Biblical poems appearing in BOZART for 1933.

The Policy of This Magazine

We are pleased to consider real poems of any type whatsoever—usually not over 32 lines. We do not pay for individual poems, but we offer a number of substantial and attractive prizes.

Those who have manuscripts to submit would do well, first, to become familiar with the magazine. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamps, or stamped, addressed return envelope.

The editor is especially pleased to discover new poets; he regrets, however, that he cannot undertake to criticize—gratis—any poems except those accepted for publication in this this magazine.

The OGLETHORPE PRESS plans to publish at least four Anthologies this year: (1) A BOOK OF TREE POEMS, similar to those compiled and edited by the editor of this magazine when he was editor of VERSECRAFT; (2) A BOOK OF SEA POEMS; (3) A BOOK OF SONNETS; (4) A BOOK OF LYRIC POEMS—In Memory of Frank L. Stanton. These compilations will consist of poems published in this magazine, and other submitted poems that are deemed worthy to be preserved in this manner.

Among Contributors

In this issue we are pleased to introduce to our readers Marcelle Stanton Megahee, only daughter of Frank L. Stanton, Georgia's first Poet Laureate.

Fay Yauger, of Texas, won the American Poetry Society award last year.

Cotton Noe is Poet Laureate of Kentucky.

Lilith Lorraine is President of the Southwestern Poetry Society.

Fellow Magazine editors: Whitney Montgomery, KALIEDOGRAPH; Stanton Coblentz, WINGS; and Constance Deming Lewis, SHARDS.